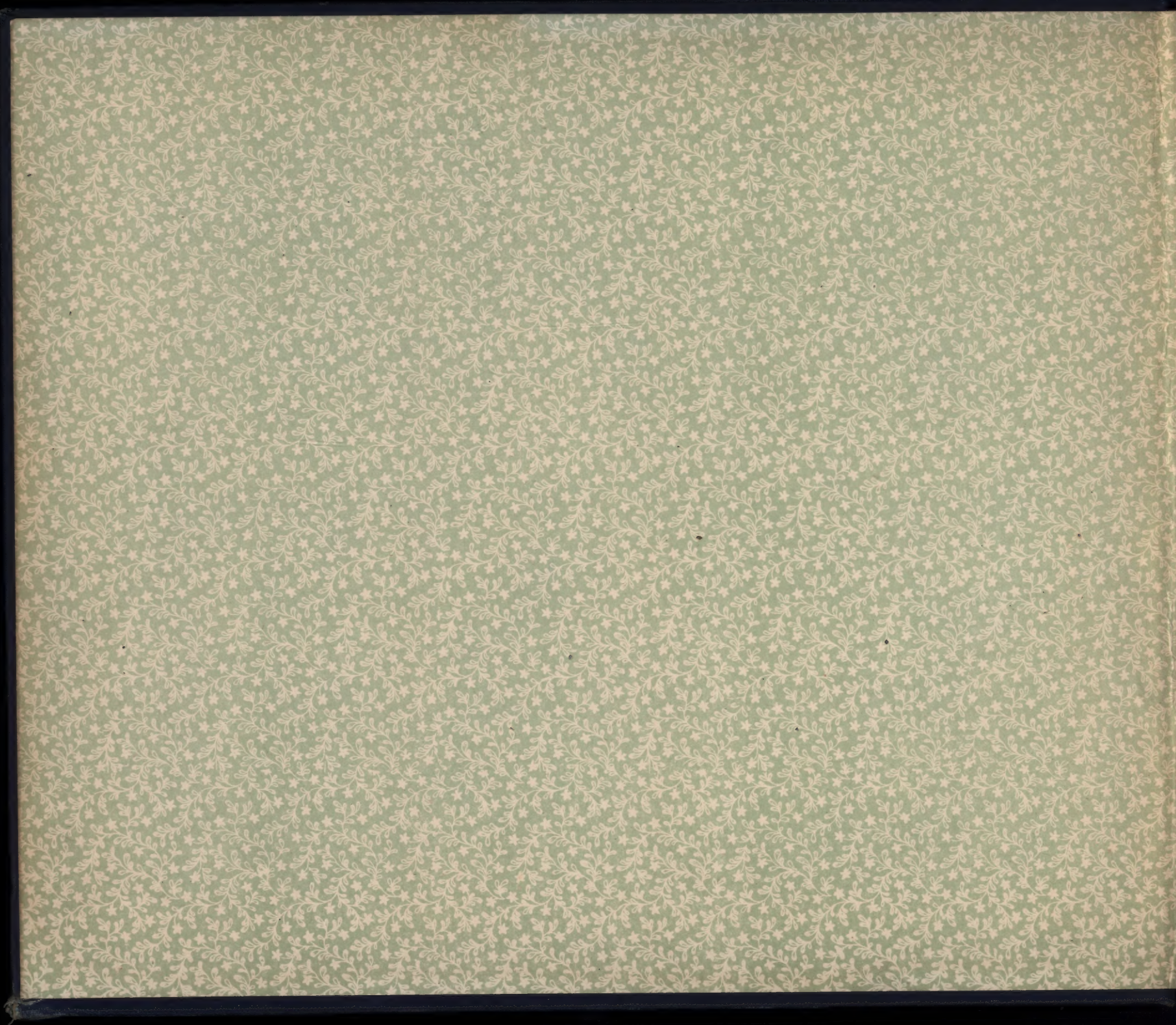
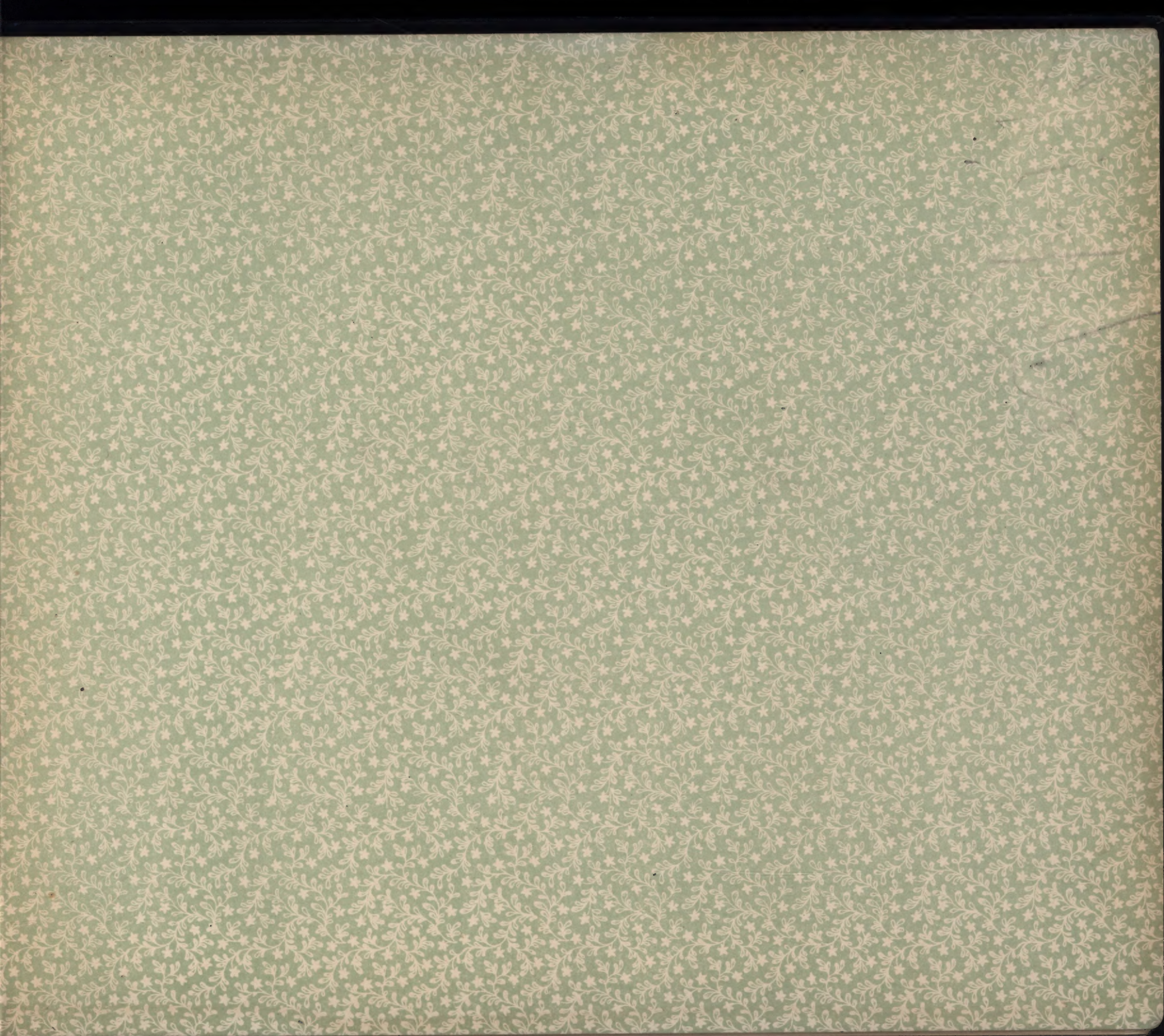


COLLEGE

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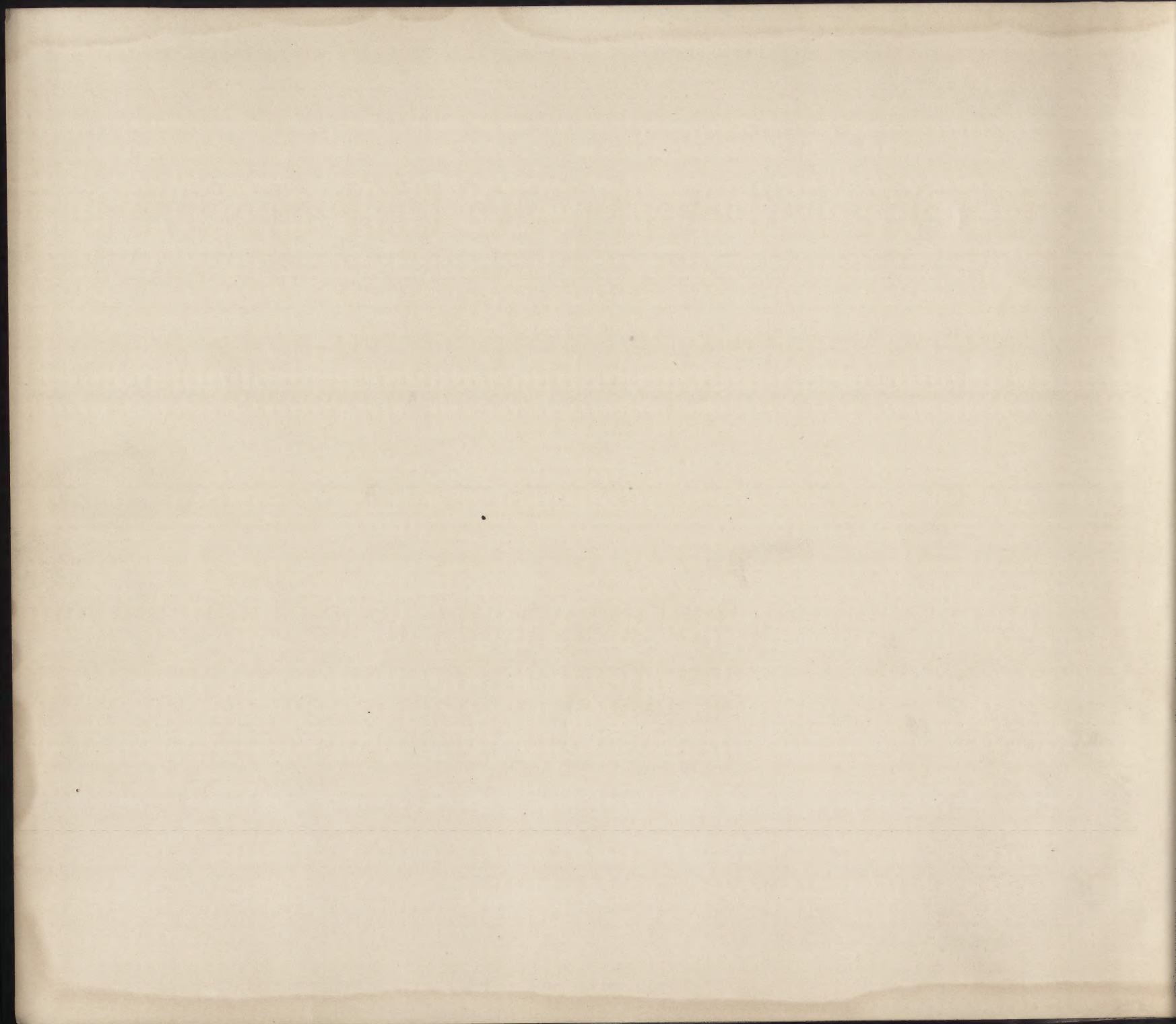






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COLLEGE CUTS

CHOSEN FROM THE

COLUMBIA SPECTATOR

1880-81-82

BY

F. BENEDICT HERZOG, H. McVICKAR, W. BARD McVICKAR,
AND OTHERS.

"Pereant illi qui ante nos nostra fecerint."—DONATUS.



NEW YORK
WHITE AND STOKES

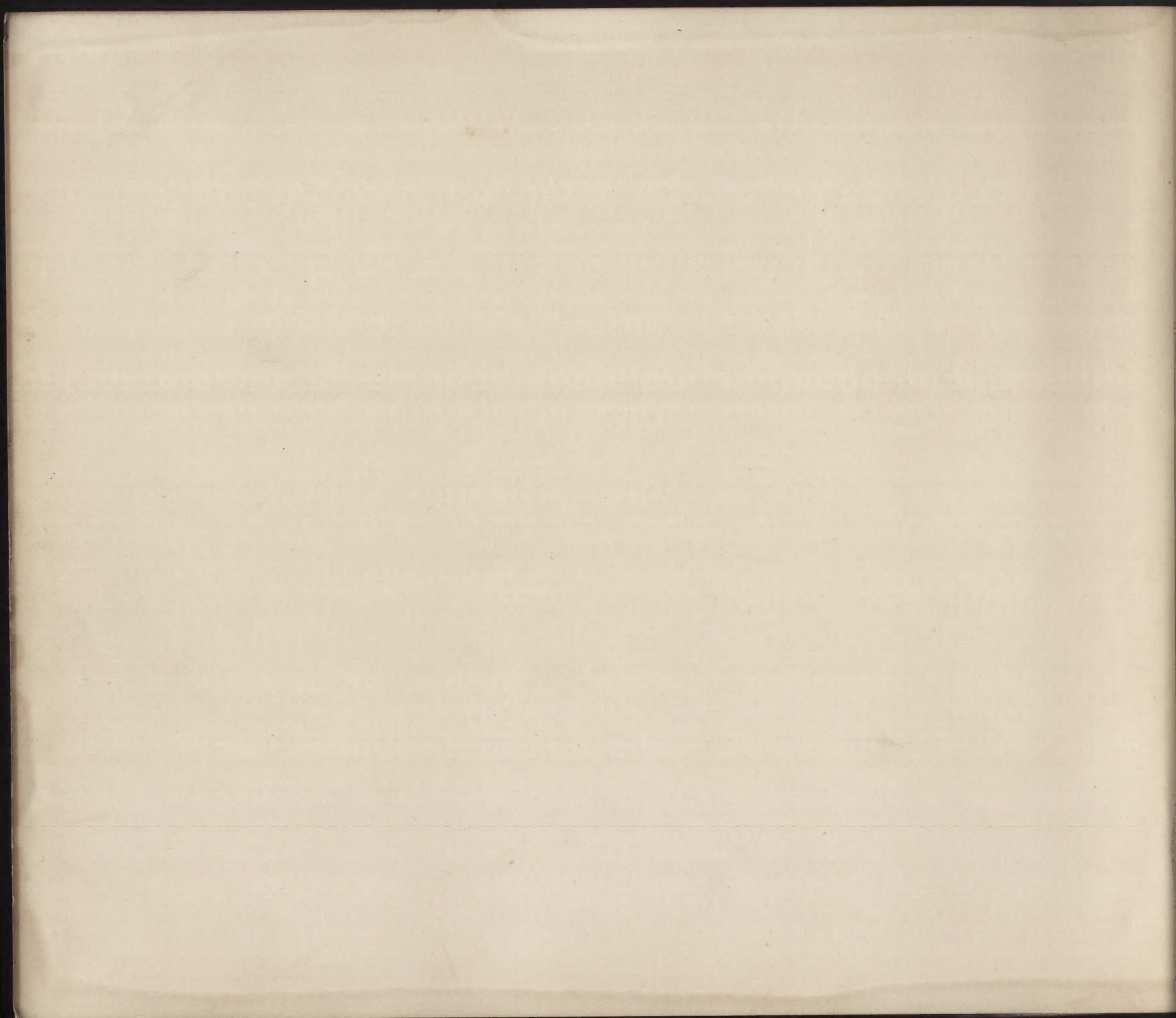
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TO

GEORGE DU MAURIER

(IF HE WILL ACCEPT.)



INTRODUCTION.



FFERED ORIGINALLY UPON THE SHRINE
OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM, THE FOLLOW-
ING SKETCHES HAVE NOW FOR THE FIRST
TIME BEEN COLLECTED IN A PERMANENT
FORM.

THIS STUDENT-GROWTH, HAVING SURVIVED IN A
COLLEGE WORLD THE FIRE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE
CRITICISM WHOSE CANONS OF ART DO NOT GREATLY
DIFFER FROM THOSE OF OUTER BARBARIANS, ONCE
MORE PUTS FORTH ITS LEAVES.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1882.





ABLE

OF



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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

(Stella Basbleu, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures.)

A. DULLSTON SLOEMAN ("never went in for that sort of thing, you know"): "I can now see how they found out the size and distance of the stars, but—by Jove! I don't quite see how they ever found out their names."



A SOCIETY MAN OF THE DAY.

MR. VAN SMITH (*pointing toward a couple which he supposed to be in another room*): "Just look! Is it not perfectly absurd for such boys to go out?"

MISS ROSEBUD (*innocently*): "Why, that's a mirror, not a door."

(*The young man has not appeared in public since.*)



AMENITIES.

LEGRAND HAUTTON: "Miss Beaumonde, my mother wants to know if you would like to sing at her *musicale*, next Thursday?"

MISS BEAUMONDE ("fishing"): "I'm almost afraid; you must tell her that I'm only a beginner."

LEGRAND HAUTTON (*who will not "bite"*): "Oh! there's no need of my telling her; she'll *hear it* herself."



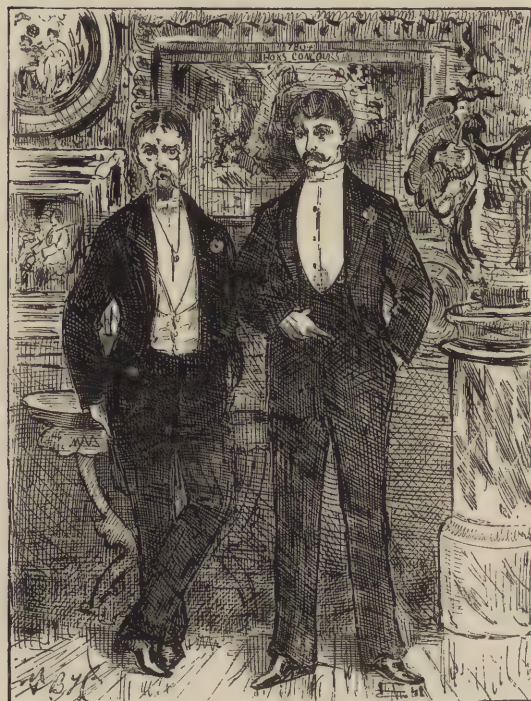
MATHEMATICAL.

FATHER: "What time did you get home last night?"

SON: "At a quarter of twelve, sir."

FATHER: "Don't tell me that, sir; I was lying awake, and heard you come in at three, myself."

SON (*innocently*): "And isn't three a quarter of twelve, sir?"



A DELICATE DISTINCTION.

VERE DE VERE POORE : "There's that lucky dog Newwed, who's just married a million !"

TOM TINCHACER : "Never marry for *money*, my boy ; but if ever you meet a nice little girl with plenty of tin, *try to love her*."



TRUE MODESTY.

MR. BELVOIR (*just imported*): "Yes, I've met some remarkably pretty girls since I arrived, but all very high strung. Your American beauty is too nervous."

MISS INGENUE: "But *I* am not nervous, Mr. Belvoir."



AMBIGUOUS.

MISS DE TRACT: "That's Celeste Van Smith passing; she's the homeliest girl in the room."

CARROLL BROWNSON: "Sh! you forget yourself."



EARLY ENGLISH (3 A.M.).

ANGELA: "Sam, how dare you come home in such a condition?"

SAM (*with difficulty*): "Didn't you have a thing here last week, that you called a consummate affair, eh? Well, I thought I would have a *too-t too*."



MISAPPLIED METAPHOR.

ETHEL NEWWED (*née Argent*): "You needn't look so cross, Archie; you know that I can always wind you around my little finger."



LE COUP DE GRACE.

MR. PRIGSBY (*to fair Knickerbocker on a visit to Boston, for the third or fourth time*): "I've heard you are so awfully, ah, clever, you know."

MISS SHARP: "Excuse me, Mr. Prigsby, you must have made a mistake; for, I assure you, I'm next to an idiot."



· WOMAN'S WIT.

JONES: "Did you ever meet Beauvoir Robinson? A perfect fool, you know, but rich, and all that sort of thing. (*Suddenly remembering he is talking to a Mrs. Robinson.*) No relation, I hope?"

MRS. BEAUVOIR ROBINSON: "Oh! no, not exactly a relation; only a connection by marriage."



PATERNAL BLISS.

THE TWO DARLINGS (*with one voice to father who has just come home after an anxious day in Wall Street*):
"Oh, papa, papa, do come and see the worm we've caught; we've got it in your box of cigars."



A QUANDARY.

MISS VAN SMITH (*writing a notice for the Sewing Society*): "Shall I say '*Babies* supplied with outfits,' or '*Children* supplied with outfits?'"

MISS BROWN: "Oh! It doesn't make any difference; whichever they take, they certainly want them *without* fits."



EASILY SATISFIED.

MISS ROBINSON : " You have no idea how shaky I feel about this voyage—really, my heart is in my boots. By the way—haven't you any commission; can't I do anything for you, Mr. Jones?"

MR. JONES (*an ardent admirer*): " No, nothing; but if you don't mind you might leave me—your boots."



AT "DEL'S."

CADDISH BRASSLEIGH: "Bull, my boy, I don't see why you, who know me so well, won't lend me that hundred."

FRANK BULLION, JR. (*who has "been there" before*): "It's just because I know you so well."



MUTUALLY INCONVENIENT.

MR. BRUYN: "I wish that puppy with the single glass wouldn't glare at the pretty widow so! I can hardly look at her without meeting his eyes."

MR. BOHRE: "Awfully bad form in that little cad to stare in that way. He positively spoils all my pleasure in looking at the girl in black."



"NONE SO BLIND," ETC.

BREWSTER : "Mrs. Beaumonde's compliments, and she regrets that Miss Beaumonde is not at home."

CADDISH BRASSLEIGH : "D'you know when she'll be back?"

BREWSTER : "When Mrs. Beaumonde says that Miss Leonie's 'Not at home,' it's impossible to say when she'll be back."



BIBLICAL INSTRUCTION.

CURATE : " Now, my little man, can you tell me what it means when I say ' amen ' at the end of a prayer ? "

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH : " It means you're done for a little while, and the congregation can take a rest, sir. "



NOT TO BE COMBINED.

CELESTE VAN SMITH: "I'm going to bring Mr. Hutton to the sewing class with us this morning. Why aren't you ready, dear?"

PINKY ROSEBUD: "I can't go this morning, love; I have something I really *must* sew."



LATIN PROSODY.

An example of an IAMBIC DIPODY ; that is, two small feet in a line.



UTILIZING THE "C. L. A."

HERCULES MISNOMER (*who has been posing for the artist*):
 "You are getting up an illustrated history of the 'Columbia
 Lacrosse Association,' I suppose."

THE ARTIST: "Not exactly! I am making a few sketches for
 a patent medicine trade-mark. By the way, yours will make an
 excellent 'Before Using.'"



"CHIFFONS."

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND : " Well, dear, you see I'm all ready. It didn't take me much time to dress, did it ? "

MR. Y. : " No ; nor much dress. "



MT. DESERT SKETCHES—NO. I.

EVELINA and ADOLPHUS, having moored their skiff to an apparently untenanted sail-boat, which lay at anchor in the harbor, after upward of sixty minutes' sweet conversation, are disagreeably surprised, not to say startled, by the sound of a suppressed giggle, and the sight of a thin, blue cloud of tobacco smoke arising from the aforesaid sail-boat. They suddenly discover that it is lunch time.



"MUCH CRY, LITTLE WOOL."

The report of CADDISH BRASSLEIGH'S heavy stock operations arose from his very *evident* anxiety to watch the market at the "ticker" during a recent "Bull" movement on the "Street."

(It is our own private opinion that C. B. has never had a dollar to invest.)



SCORCHING.

MR. CLAY : "Helen! Let me present Mr. Stiff."

MISS VERIBRYGHT (*to her cousin, in a loud aside*) :
"Do you think me a stove that you bring up this
green stick?"



MT. DESERT SKETCHES—NO. II.

HE: "Don't you want to give yourself a weigh?"

SHE (*indignantly*): "No, I will *not* give myself away, even at Bar Harbor."



AT "THE HUGUENOTS."

MR. KILLER: "How very well Marcel sings this air."

MISS ROSEBUD (*wishing to appear an old stager*): "Oh! you mean the *Marseillaise*."



AT THE POLO GROUNDS.

CHORUS OF COLLEGIANS (*watching an exciting play*): "Tackle him ! Down with him ! Hurrah, he's down !"

ANCIENT PERSON (*who is somewhat mixed, and not quite up in foot-ball terms*): "Imper'nent boysh ! Wha' if I am down ?—no excuse tell'er whole crowd about it."



AN EXPLANATION.

DOCTOR : "I should think you would go in mourning for your wife, Pat. Here you are in those blue jean trousers again. Don't you ever wear anything else?"

PAT : "Well, you see, docther, I tuk wan hundred pair for a debt wanst, an' I most always wears 'em."



PLEASANT.

TOM TINCHACER (*has risked the investment, and taken a box at the opera for Friday night*): "Then I'll say good-by until Friday evening?"

MISS EDITH BULLION: "Oh! Mr. Tinchacer, I forgot! It was so kind of you to ask Auntie and myself; but when I accepted I never remembered that I was to lead, with Mr. Hautton, at their German that night, and so I can't go with you. But Grandmamma loves music so much that I'm sure you and Auntie would not mind taking her in my place, would you?" (*What can T. T. say?*)



MISUNDERSTOOD.

MISS MAYFAIR (*anxious to discover the opinion of the new curate on her favorite costume*): "I hope you don't disapprove of jerseys, Mr. Bullock?"

THE REV. MR. BULLOCK (*on his hobby*): "Well no, not exactly, although my experience leads me to prefer 'short-horns.'"



"CAUSE AND EFFECT."

CELESTE VAN SMITH: "Have you heard that Mr. Hunter was run over this morning and killed?"

PINKY ROSEBUD (*embarrassed at passing the Knickerbocker Club*): "How shocking! but I'm not surprised. He did look *so* pale yesterday."



ENTIRELY UNINTENTIONAL.

FAIR UMPIRE : " Only keep your head, Mr. Slasher, and you are sure to have a *soft thing.*"



APPRECIATION.

(At the Academy of Design.)

(Rafael Brush is showing his portrait of Miss Beaumonde.)

MISS ROSEBUD: "I'd know the picture *anywhere*, even if you hadn't told me who it was. Why! it's almost as good as a *photograph*."

(Imagine the feelings of Brush, who has taken up portraiture believing it to be the very highest walk in art.)



CULTURE.

ARCHITECT (*to Mr. De Newvo Ritch, who is considering the front elevation of a projected residence*): "If you do not like those towers, Mr. Ritch, we can have them eliminated."

MR. DE NEWVO RITCH: "They're real han'some as they be; but if 'eliminatin' on 'em would make 'em han'somer, let's have 'em 'liminated."



"ROBBING PETER," ETC.

POLITICIAN (*anxious for every vote for his party*):
Better throw away that ticket, John; only a fool
would vote for those rascals."

GROOM: "Will I give it to the 'ostler? It'll be
good enough for him to use."



A CANVAS-BACK MONOPOLY.

FIRST SPORTSMAN (*who has shot nothing all day*): "Some fine game you've bagged there! You couldn't let me have one as a personal favor, could you?"

SECOND SPORTSMAN (*likewise unfortunate*): "Oh, no, couldn't think of it! You see, I didn't buy these on speculation."



A CANE RUSH IN YE OLDEN TIME.



A POSER.

MR. BUG BRUYN : " You wouldn't believe it, but I'm very conceited, you know."

MISS CUTTING : " Indeed !—About what, Mr. Bruyn ? "



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

MR. BROWN : " Well, young man, what are your intentions in regard to my daughter ? "

FRED. FICKLE (*who has been a frequent visitor*) : " My intentions are honorable ; but do not fear—not at all matrimonial." (*He stops his visits.*)



A SINECURE.

SANDWICH-MAN (to Mr. Smythe of Columbia, who thinks it is the correct thing to wear his cap and gown in the street, as "they do it abroad, you know"): "I say, but you have an aisy place. Phut are you advertoin', any way?"



"RES ANGUSTA DOMI."

OFT had we met within the park ;
 I am a sophomore, gay (and dark).
 She was a "bute," an angel fair,
 And had the *très chic* "baby stare."

One day 'twas blowing hard. The gale
 Tore from her derby hat the veil.
 I happened by, and saw it fly,
 And thanked kind Jove that I was nigh.

The veil lights at my feet. I stand
 Erect, nor lift it to her hand ;
 She smiles—waits, wonders "Why?" Oh fool !
 I wear *tight* trousers built by Poole.



BRILLIANT!

(SCENE—*Reading-room of a Club.*)

MR. SLOW: "Another girl married—Kate Thorne! Isn't it too bad, so many more girls marry than men?"



BEEF VS. BRAINS.

BOB ROWLOCK : " I say, Walter, what's the reason that fellow ran away from me so ? "

HIS TRAINER : " Well, if you young fellows *will* sit up at night and study and poke over books, you can't expect to be any good in a race, nohow. "



MT. DESERT SKETCHES—NO. III.

(BRIGGS is paddling the mother of the idol of his affections over to "Bald Porcupine," while said idol is in another man's canoe.)

SHE: "Oh! isn't this sublime! It's just like a 'life on the ocean wave.' Oh! Adolphus, do paddle a little faster; I could go on this way forever." But ADOLPHUS thinks that about two minutes more will finish him.



A DECIDED OBJECTION.

MISS CHATTERTON : "How very pleasant the opera would be, if they would only do away with the singing !"



WHOA!

BELLE BROWNSON (*to Mr. Bohre, who, having announced his intention of leaving Atlantic City the night before, stays over in order to take some equestrian exercise*): "Aren't you off yet?"

MR. BOHRE: "N-n-no, n-not yet."



THE SNUB.

A YOUTHFUL, cheeky freshman he.
She had seen several seasons.
 "Sure all men should at college be,"
 Quoth Fresh—and gave his reasons.

"I hope your elder brother went,"
 He says, and waits an answer.
 Grieving for time so badly spent,
 She wishes for a dancer.

A real man now comes up. Oh joy!
 He asks to tread a measure.
 "My brother went when *quite a boy*,"
 She answers him—"With pleasure."



"AN ILL WIND."

MAMMA : " Did you enjoy your ride, Elise ? "

ELISE : " No, mamma, and reason enough ; for Connie James says the Van Smiths are going to give a dance, and we're not asked. "

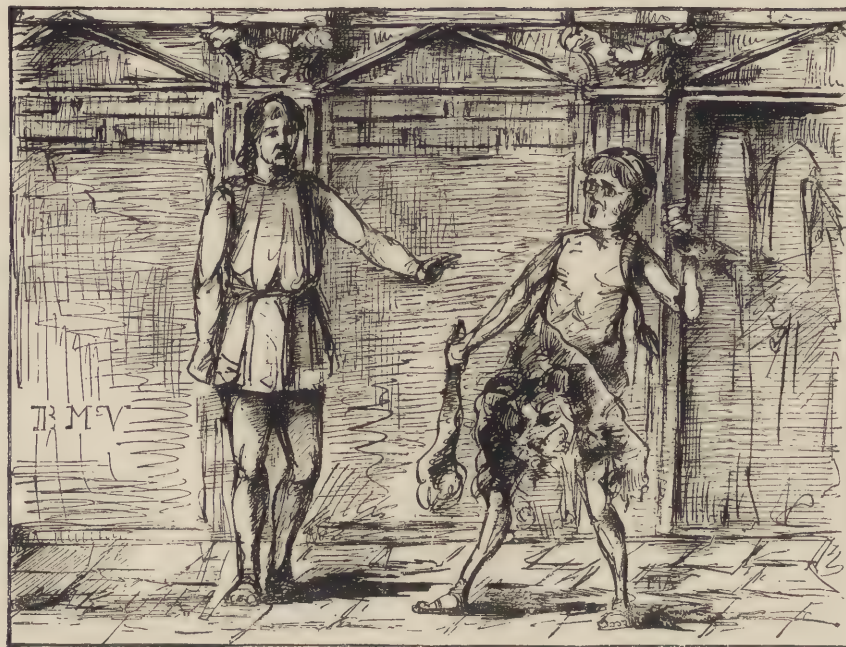
MAMMA : " Well, my dear, your poor aunt's death *was* providential—of course we can't go. "



NOT QUITE THE IDEA.

POKER CLUB MEMBER (*feeling a twinge of conscience*) : "I say, Tom, what a lot of time a man does waste during the term, playing cards!"

DITTO (*not catching the point*) : "Yes, especially while shuffling."



ALCESTIS REPRODUCED.

HP. "Ουκουν τήν ἄγαν λύπην ἀφείς πίει μεθ' ἡμῶν τάσδ' ὑπερβαλῶν πύλας στεφάνοις
πυκασθείς;

(Owing to sudden illness at the last moment, Harry Heaviwaite, '83, was unable to appear as Hercules. Maximilian Digwell, '84, agreed to take his part, being the only other man in college who would undertake to learn the lines.)



"DE GUSTIBUS," ETC.

LILLY DE JONES : " Why, Mr. Newmode, is that you? I thought it was the groom."

(Imagine the feelings of Sartorious Newmode, who prides himself on his English overcoat.)



WELL RETURNED.

RECTOR : " No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of *asses*."

MISS POSER : " And is that why you called them ' Dearly beloved brethren ? ' "



"LITTLE PITCHERS," ETC.

MR. BULLION : " And so, my little man, you've heard of me before ? "

YOUNG HOPEFUL OF THE HOUSE OF BORROWE (*happy to display his knowledge*) :
" Oh ! yes. Papa says you're the greatest bore at the club, but he has to put up with you as you lend him money. "



PATERNAL ATTENTIONS.

ANGELINA (*to EDWIN, who has been out all night*) :
“What *are* you doing with those herrings in your hat?”

EDWIN : “Sh—don’ make a row (*hic*). Don’ yer
see?—makin’ ’quarium for th’ shillrun.”



"ILL-FOUNDED APPREHENSION."

YOUTHFUL BRIDE : " Yes, opals are lovely, but they are so unlucky ; they might make one die young. I never *could* wear them."



JACK STRONG (*to sea-sick chum*) : " I say, old fellow, you're not sick, are you ? "

CHUM : " You don't suppose I'm doing it for fun, do you ? "



AT TIFFANY'S

EDITH BULLION: "Oh! I've just bought my present for Kate Thorne's wedding—a beautifully decorated dinner set for eighteen persons."

MRS. TIGHTFIST: "Hm! I'm pricing a unique mustard-spoon for *more* than eighteen."



TWO OF A KIND.

(Scene I. At Home. Hour 10 P.M.)

SALLIE (*who wants to go to the Bal Masque*): "You don't look at all well, would you not better go to bed?"

GEORGE (*who is wishing to do the same thing, jumps at the chance*): "Yes, I feel beastly; think I'll retire."

(Scene II. At the Ball. Hour 1 A.M.)

SALLIE: "Oh, George, I thought you were too sick to come out!"

GEORGE: "Well, I recovered, and came in an ambulance. How did you get here?"



No. 217.—“PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.”

(*I. e.* of NEWMAN, who, having come into an unexpected fortune, has so changed his appearance, by shaving off his beard, that *he* does not recognize any of his former friends.)



"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

FRESHMAN : "Waiter, what time is it, please?"

WAITER : "Je n'sais pas, M'sieu."

FRESHMAN : "Oh, is it as late as that? I promised to be home before ten."



"EXTREMES MEET."

SADIE GUSHINGTON: "Oh, Larry, let's go to see 'Camille' to-night! They say one has to cry so. We'll have a perfectly *splendid* time."



MY DUCATS—AND MY BROTHER!

MR. PORTLY: "Why, what's the matter, my boy?"

WEeping STREET ARAB: "I—I—I let my bro—brother have te—en cents, and he's felled off'n the dock, and he's drownin'."

MR. PORTLY: "Drowning! We must run for help at once."

WEeping STREET ARAB: "Ye—es. I wants them ten cents orful."



A PROVOKING MISTAKE.

(Charlie, his sister Grace and her friend are skating together on the Polo Grounds.)

CHARLIE : "This way of crossing arms is really very confusing."

GRACE *(after a moment's pause)* : "Stop squeezing my hand, Charlie."



"COALS TO NEWCASTLE."

MISS STELLA BASBLEU, Vassar, '81 (*leading up the conversation to her favorite author, Bulwer*): "Would you believe that I've met people who've asked me who wrote '*Richelieu*'?"

MISS SHALLOW (*amazed at such gross ignorance*): "What! they didn't know it was *Shakespeare*?"

MR. SMALLTALK (*pitying, etc.*): "Well! well! didn't know **THAT**!"



THAT CROSS CAPTAIN AGAIN.

MR. BOHRE: "Captain, how far have we gone since breakfast?"

CAPTAIN: "Don't know. Haven't seen a mile-stone since I've been on deck!"



"AN(DAN)TE" OR "ANTE."

MISS HAUTTON (*passionately fond of music*): "The other night Leonie Beaumonde sang and then we played Beethoven two and four handed. Aren't you very, *very* fond of playing Beethoven?"

MR. DE JONES: "I really don't know how, I only play *poker*."



THEN AS NOW.

THE SQUIRE (*who married for money, and is beginning to repent*): "What do you think of that new horse of mine?"

HIS LADY: "*Your* horse! It was bought with *my* money."

THE SQUIRE: "Yes, I know, my dear; and (*with a sigh*) it's not the *only* thing *your* money's bought."



TRUE ECONOMY.

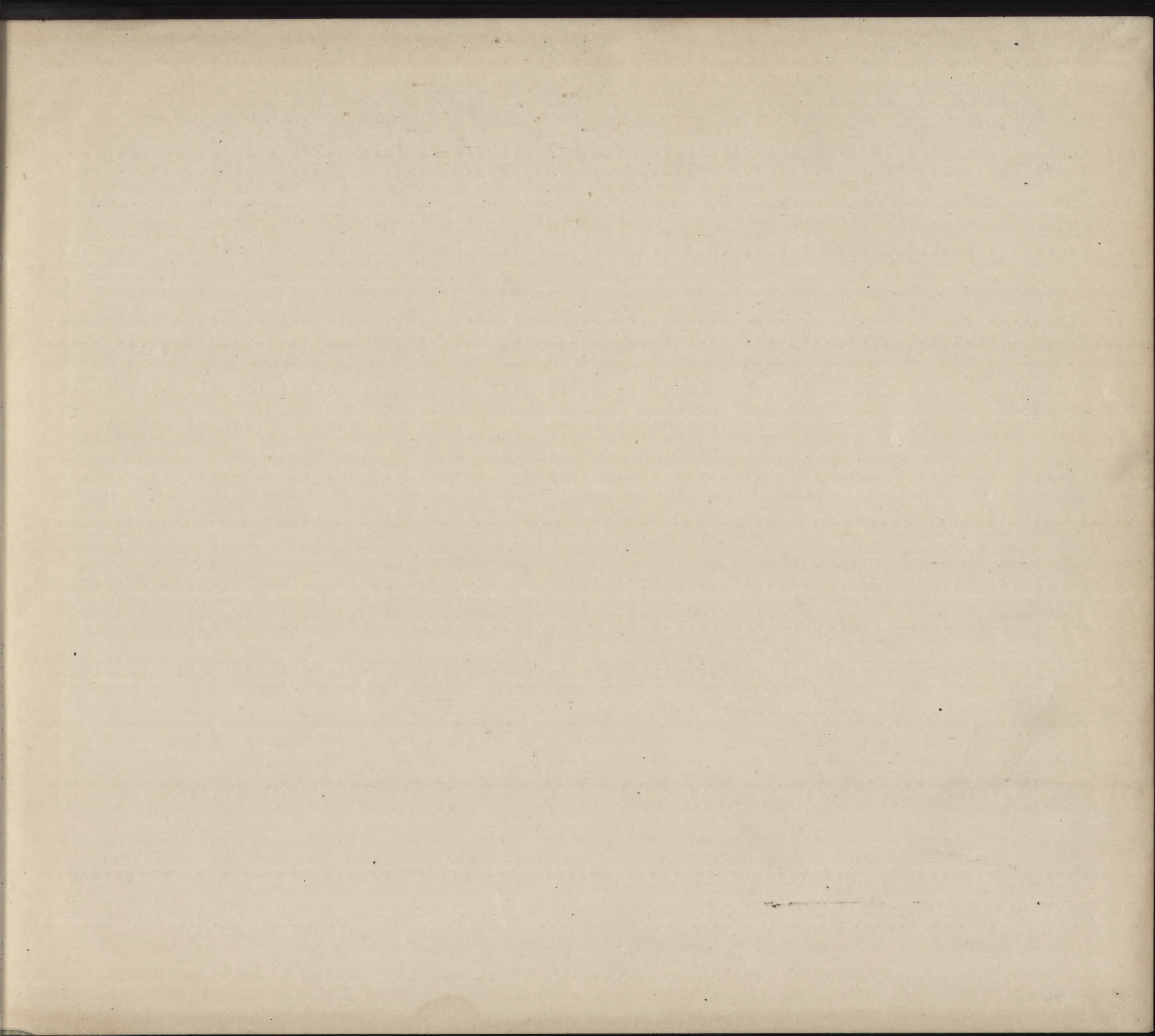
MISS SPUNGER ("looking over" the latest novels): "I shouldn't think that any one need *buy* novels, as one can always *borrow* them from a friend."

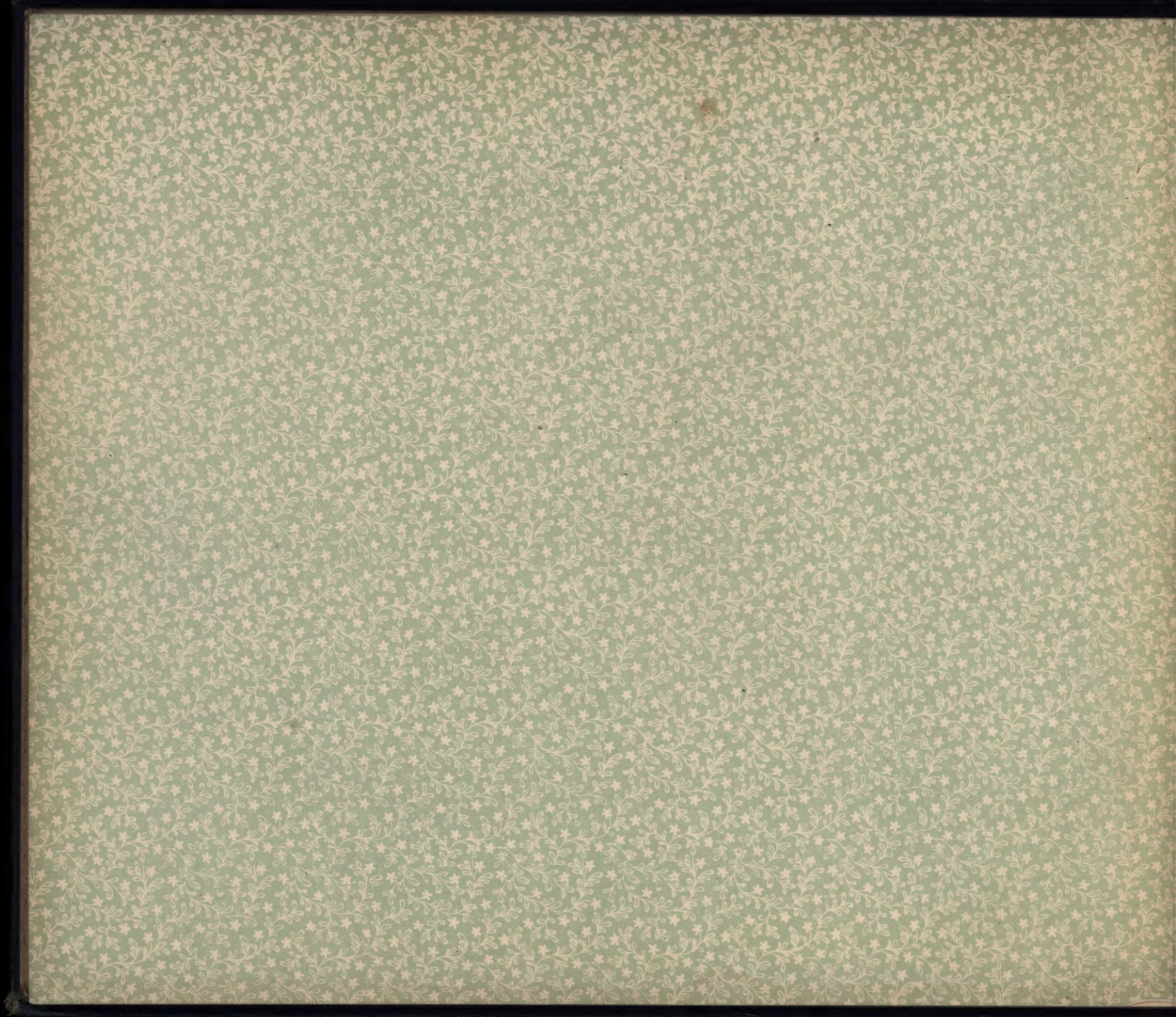












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